

Halo vs Starwars

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Summary: A collection of chapters in which people from Halo, fictional and real, and Star Wars, fictional and real, meet and have massive battles. There are parts that will make you cry, laugh, and jump up and down saying, Give me more, give me more! R&R. Enjoy.

## 1. Prologue

**\*\***-The Master Chief has just left Earth on a new, strange, mission-**\*\***

"If my coordinates are right, which they usually are, the structure we're looking for should be only 2 kilometers ahead." Cortana said in her casual voice, "Unless it's invisible it should be around here." She waited before adding, "Look. Over there. I'm picking up multiple heat frequencies right in front of us."

The Pelican shuttered as Chief looked out the back to see a massive building armed with cannons and things he couldn't tell what they were. He remembered fighting the Covenant on Jericho VII, when he had first encountered Hunters. They had been intimidating, but the Chief and his team had managed to beat them.

Now, he had a squad of ODSTs with him, code-named "Helljumpers". They were the elite UNSC division and Chief already knew how to work with them because of Halo. Their mission was to go in, find the prisoners stuck in the prison cells, gather as much intel as they could. Then, get the heck out of there before they got blown up.\_ Easy,\_ Chief thought.

He looked at his Helljumper squad. They consisted of a ragged looking sergeant, two privates, a second lieutenant, a first lieutenant, and two demo experts that, literally, looked like they'd been through hell once or twice. He had some tough, battle-hard and scarred, marines with him. The sergeant twisted uneasily in his seat and the Chief's HUD gave him his name, First Class Sergeant Ralph "Dicky"

Dick. He had an amazing record and the Chief respected him immediately. He look at the others, Second Class Private Morgan Washburn; First Class Private Lupita Rosenta; Second Lieutenant Jazette "Falcon's Eye" Tempito; First Lieutenant Jim "BM" BcMenerim; First Class Demo Private Jonathan Lars; First Class Demo Private Owen Lars.

The Spartan looked out the back of the Pelican, \_Space.\_ They neared the structure now, everyone starting to check that their weapons were loaded and locked. The sergeant made an elicited comment, looked at his Marines, and smiled. \_Those are his troops,\_ Chief thought, \_Just like my Spartan-II brothers and sisters.\_ The thought of his lost siblings lowered his spirits, but he knew he had to concentrate on the mission, so he turned his attention and listened to Cortana.

"Ok, once you get inside the structure, I'll get the mainframe of the building and mark the prison cells with nav points." She told him.

"Fair enough. How long will it take? I was really looking forward to coffee with Johnson today." He said with a slight grin.

"I'm not even going to answer that question."

The Master Chief turned his head to look out of the view point, the structure was in front of him. His stomach took a leap, this was some of the first action he'd seen since the end of the second Halo, but he was \_not\_ any softer. The Pelican banked left and rose up into the structure, the Marines were ready, and so was the Chief. The aircraft stopped, landed, and everyone jumped out as the Pelican dusted. Sergeant Dicky rolled and Temito said, "Sir, was that really necessary, sir? You could've alerted the enemy of our prescence."

He answered back with a casual sense of humor, "No, but I though ya'll'd like a decent view of my-," he was interrupted as enemy fire hosed him down and burned holes in him, leaving the air with a burnt flesh smell. \_Well, so long for that Marine,\_ the Chief thought grimly, now ducking behind some rocks for cover.

The Helljumpers were still alive, save that one idiot Sergeant. The Chief popped up and opened fire, dropping two Jackals and wounding an Elite. He lobbed a grenade into the mess, was rewarded with a scream, followed by a rain of flesh. BcMenerim gave the order to move up and all of them moved. The Spartan was extremely thankful for the venting system of his MJOLNIR armor because he knew that the ODSTs were experiencing a jack-load of disgusting smells.

Darth Vader walked through a hallway with his Stormtroopers, rounded a corner and found what he'd been looking for. There in the cells were the Rebel prisoners and he was going to kill every single one of them. He used the Force to break the shielding, but sensed something that made him jump. Someone \_else\_ was on the structure and were in the hallway opposite of where he came. Vader waited for someone to pop out so he could throw his lightsaber at them, good target practice. He waited a while longer, but then decided to turn and start on the Rebel scum. The Sith Lord felt no remorse when he was about to kill the rebels, and struck the first one, sending his head toward the back of the chamber.

Chief waited, something wasn't right. He thought he'd heard noises, along with a click and the steady \_thump\_ of armor. Covenant were in there now, he was certain. The Spartan took a deep breath, sliced-the-pie, and stuck his head out. He almost collapsed as he looked upon the scene, white-armored troops stood guard and an enormous black figure was killing the prisoners with a \_new\_ Covenant sword. \_Oh great, just what I need before coffee. Two \_new\_ Covie bastards to kill \_and\_ a new sword. How much worse does it get?\_ His question was answered as the corner he poked his head out was drenched with fire and he was forced to retreat. \_Crap, now they know where I am.\_

He jumped out and fired his Assault Rifle along with one grenade, as he attempted to save the prisoners. One of the white-armored troops took half a clip untouched, but flew as the grenade behind him detonated.

This was the start of a new battle.

Vader's "fun" was interrupted as an enemy jumped out from behind a corner and killed a Stormtrooper. He kept killing the Rebels though and used the Force to deflect incoming fire. As he finished off another scum-bag, a howl pierced the battle as three more 'Troopers fell. Whatever these new Rebel scum had come with, he knew he would leave none surviving. He flung his lightsaber out and watched as the red glow cut through two enemy soldiers.

This was the start of a new battle.

## 2. A Bond Formed, An Alliance Broken

### \*\*Chapter 1- A Bond Formed, An Alliance Broken\*\*

A red blaze flew at the Chief, as he hurled himself out of the way. Rosenta and Washburn weren't as lucky as he was though, both of them being decapitated. Falcon's Eye shot a white-clad enemy through the head, and wounded a second with another shot from her S2AM Sniper's Rifle. The Spartan chucked a grenade and killed two enemies and then let a clip into another. He rolled, ran, and dealt one of the enemies a blow to the head, then ended his life with a burst from his AR to his head. The black figure turned toward him and Chief was downsized with a feeling of loss...pain...suffering. The memories of his Spartan-II brothers and sisters flooded back into his mind, clouding his concentration.

He tried to shake them out, tried to get back on his concentration, but he was feeling remorse and gladness and weakness at the same time. He shook his head, fired a random burst, and fell to the ground, shaking with cold sweat clinging to his eyebrows. There was something about this person, something that made the Super-Soldier go numb to the core. Something about him was nothing that the Covenant could have, or do, or even imagine they could do. He heard automatic weapons fire and lasers flying in every direction, and then he felt himself being lifted off the ground, and was gasping for air.

He looked at the figure. He wore all black, with a mask that had two eye-shields behind which the tortured soul of a lost being lingered. Black gloves concealed his hands, while boots and a cape added to his look. A little box was situated on his chest, or where his chest

would've been if the armor were not covering it, with blue and red lights that monitored health levels or something.

Then as he looked into the creatures' eyes, he felt something touch his mind. The being was inside his minds, groping out for the Spartans' own thoughts, trying to find where the rest of him were. Cortana tried to fight him off, but it was no use because this was no machine or AI invading his mind, this was the black figures' mind. He gasped for more air, clutching at his throat, trying to break the alien's grip. Then, with one last look, he drifted off into the deep reaches of death.

Just then, a picture flooded into his mind. It was one of a woman with big, green eyes, ODST standard crew-cut hair, and realized who it was. Lieutenant Melissa McKay. He wasn't about to give up without killing more Covenant to avenge her death.

He was brought back to the real world, and punched the enemy in front of him. The Spartan was immediately dropped, he picked up his AR, then unloaded a full clip into the creature, and followed off with a sticky, plasma grenade that he stuck to the things' cape. It detonated and sent the menace soaring across the room. The Helljumpers hosed the remaining enemies with fire, and the enemy finally retreated leaving two prisoners alive.

"Come on we got to get you out of here!" The petty officer barked. The POWs picked up the laser guns and hustled to regroup with the Marines. Both of them shook their heads in thanks to the soldiers after looking at their deceased mates.

They ran back to the evac point and waited for the Pelican to arrive. Cortana tried to contact it, but only received static. Oh jeeze, I just need to be late for coffee, after being stuck on this dumb thing. "I'll try again later people, but for now-," she paused, "-you're just going to have to hold up here until Evac arrives.

"Oh God help us!" BM exclaimed.

"God? We need a whole UNSC fleet to save us from this living hell." Falcon's Eye bemusedly responded.

"Okay soldiers. Calm down. I know it may seem bad with new Covenant soldiers and all, butâ€", he was interrupted by one of the new allies.

"Sir, those weren't, did you call them Covenant? Those weren't the aliens you speak of. That was Darth Vader of the Sith, who rule over the Covenant. He is part of the galactic Empire which is ruled by an evil man known only as Lord Sidious."

"What? What do you speak about?" Cortana questioned over the external speakers of the MJOLNIR armor.

"They rule all galaxies. They could destroy us all, with one blink of an eye, one snap of a finger." The other one responded.

"What the crack are you talking about?" Jonathon Lars said raising his weapon.

"Please, he has gone crazy sitting in that cell for all those

months." He paused, then continued, "We are part of a group called the Rebellion, or Rebels. The Sith took over the galaxy many years ago, almost a thousand in fact. One of our leaders is the son of the person you just encountered, his name his Luke Skywalker. The other is Luke's sister, Leia Skywalker.

"We sent a transmission saying that we were 'Marines' in hope of becoming allies and ending the Imperial reign. If we do not, our race and your race will be annihilated by the Empire and leave only the Covenant and Imperials to have legion over this land."

"Cut the crap dangit." BM said.

"This is not crap. What he says is true." Cortana said over the speakers. Everyone listened intently as the AI continued, "I've been hearing rumors of other life at there besides us and the Covenant, while spying on the conversation at ONI.

"I knew that was the reason we were sent on this mission. To try and form a bond with this other life. The other life is those white-clad enemies and these gentlemen right here. The UNSC Admiral's didn't agree with ONI though, and if we accept the treaty with the Rebels, we could split the UNSC in half."

The Chief contemplated the thought before saying, "I would love to have allies to fight those Covie bastards with."

The POWs grinned, relief flashed a crossed their faces. BM and Falcon's Eye nodded in agreement, and the Lars bothers introduced themselves to their new found allies. Cortana radioed out to the Pelican, which arrived two minutes later, and picked up the people inside the structure.

The news spread to the Admirals, ONI, and Marines like wild fire. Soon, the fleets would split up and head different directions.

A Bond Formed, An Alliance Broken. The UNSC would never be the same.

### 3. Getting Acquainted

#### **\*\*Chapter 2-Getting Acquainted\*\***

The Chief walked through the Rebel ship, attracting a stare or two from a soldier. What was left of his ODST squad, walked behind him, admiring the new Laser Rifles. The Rebel technology was amazing, but it was confusing as well. Cortana was happy entering and exiting the data streams of the Kendoran.

Good now she can't bug me and I can actually do some talking for once, Chief thought, smiling, knowing Cortana had heard.

"I heard that." She said in an amused voice, probably because the Chief had such a gruff voice, all he had to do was say "Boo", and the Rebels would do anything for him.

His MJOLNIR armor didn't give him the names of any of the Rebel soldiers like it would've for a regular Marine. The hallway was a cream color, with endless doors with X-shapes on them. One opened,

revealing a tall, lanky man with a belt and a pistol, followed by an enormous creature that could've have (with armor and all) passed as a Hunter in the Covenant army.

"The ship is undergoing maintenance at the moment, due to a recent battle with the Empire. The bridge is just up ahead and you can meet the Captain, discuss our allegiance, and exchange technology. We would especially like to know how to make that armor you where."

He added, "What was it called?"

"MJOLNIR." The Spartan answered simply.

They arrived at the bridge, entered after the door slid open, and walked into an immense circular room with Rebels and computers. They all wore white, high-collared shirt-type things. An oddball took on a black shirt though, and the Chief expected that to be the Captain. Cortana hummed a tune as she entered into the computer data arrays and played around.

A central up-lift in the floor seated a high chair with buttons on the arms and a control panel in front. Four bridge personnel sat around the up-lift and monitored the hull status. Two more sat around those, and monitored shield conditions. More people sat around them and monitored miscellaneous things like the Life Support Systems, engine temperature, Sensor Array, and Communications Array.

"Aw! Our new friends!" A man greeted them. He was in his mid-forties, sported a go-tee and was balding on the top, with his hair going gray. He was stout and fit, strong legs supported his upper body and broad shoulders. His jaw was wide and thick, his nose was long and narrow. He had blue eyes. "I am Captain Owen Orsolen of the \_Kendoran\_. Welcome aboard."

The Chief opened his mouth to say something, but told Cortana to go ahead and got a response, "Thought you'd never ask."

"I am Cortana. AI of the formal ship, \_Pillar of Autumn\_. We have accepted the offer of alliance and look forward to meeting up with the rest of your group, as well as your leaders."

"Where'd that come from?" He inquired, curiously.

The Chief pointed to the external speakers before saying, "She's in my head." He stuck out his hand, "I'm Spartan 119 of Earth. Master Chief as formality." The Captain shook his hand.

"Good to have you aboard, especially after living an encounter with Vader for the first time."

The ODS'Ts took the time to meet Captain Orsolen and the rest of the crew, while Chief got permission to put Cortana in the ship's mainframe. She popped up in the nearest pedestal, and was just exactly the way Chief remember her. Snippy, casual, serious, and relaxed all at the same time. She appeared blue this time though, instead of red or purple. Her hair was a bit longer and her eyes were luminescent. Data scrolled across her body, as she looked and protruded through the ship.

"So, when did the Covenant finally attack you?" The Captain

asked.

"They attacked a peaceful, unarmed planet called, Harvest, some years ago. The United Nations Space Command, or UNSC, sent a fleet to investigate, only to bring back one badly beaten ship." He paused, then started with, "The crew said that this one little ship had destroyed all the ships. That was when me and my siblings were called to battle the alien race we came to know as the Covenant. We were winning our battles up to the point of a battle." He sighed, remembering that that battle was the one that had ended his Spartan-II brothers and sisters' lives.

"The battle took place at a major military planet called Reach. We defeated a fleet of Covenant troops, with help from our MAC Gun insertions, but only encountered another, bigger fleet. That one managed to get ground troops on the surface." He continued, "My brothers were sent down to try and contain them and save the MAC Gun cores. I took a squad with me to secure the memory bank of a docked frigate, in a space station that had an abundant number of Covenant. With the help of some Marines, myself and one of my sisters managed to destroy it, but she was soon killed by an Elite with a cloaking device on.

"With that accomplished I went back to the Pillar of Autumn. There I learned that Covenant had overrun the ground teams, killing the rest of my kind. With the MAC Guns disabled and the Autumn the only UNSC ship left in the system, the Covenant were free to glass our planet." The thought of his siblings melting in the molten metal flooded his mind, "Following Cole Protocol though, we made a blind jump through the deep reaches of space and arrived at the structure, Halo. This system was under Covenant control too, so basically, we were trapped.

"We managed to destroy Halo, but I was the only one that escaped by luck or chance, it still troubles me. We returned to home, or Earth, where I got my new Mark VI armor. Only hours after though, a Covenant fleet arrived and survival seemed impossible. But again, by luck or chance, we drove them back and followed them through Slipspace to a second Halo. We destroyed that and most of the Covenant holy city, since then we've had no contact or anything until you called. The Covenant are still in a civil war, and we have gotten some Elites to convert."

"Sad. I'm sorry to hear what happened to your siblings, Chief. I hope that our fleet and soldiers will offer you as much hospitality as the UNSC would."

"Sir! Incoming ship out of Hyperspace!" A bridge officer interrupted.

The Captain turned and said, "On screen!"

It appeared as long, slender block at first sight, but a closer view revealed details of a bridge, MAC Gun, Lifeboats, automatic turrets, and a name. The name seemed familiar to Chief, but he couldn't quite place a finger on where he'd seen it before. It struck him seconds after though, this was Captain Miranda Keyes' ship. More ships were dropping out of Slipspace, while the first one came to a halt and the image of Keyes showed up on the screen.

"It's good to see you Master Chief." She prompted, while resting her head on her hand.

"Captain Keyes." He breathed, more a sigh, "I didn't think anyone knew the coordinates of where I was. I left my tracking beacon at that structure, unlessâ€"Cortana!"

"Hey you said you wanted to have coffee with Johnson, I assumed he was on Captain Keyes' ship." She answered.

"Hmuh! You were right on the ball Cortana." Someone said behind him. The Chief turned and saw the tall, dark-skinned, hard-faced UNSC Marine he had known for almost ten years now. "Glad to see me? I thought I'd bring some friends along." He pointed out to the other ships coming out of Slipspace.

"Yes. Very," Cortana said, "He never gets me anything." The AI construct pointed at the Chief.

"Going on about that again, huh? Listen, I'm never in any place to get us anything, save a few dead bodies and Covenant flesh."

"Well, anyway," Miranda interrupted, "I'd most certainly like to meet the captain of the vessel, Chief."

He thrust his finger at Captain Orsolen.

"I'm Captain Miranda Keyes."

"I'm Captain Owen Orsolen. Glad to meet you ma'am."

"The pleasure is mine," She answered back.

The Chief turned to Cortana, then Johnson, then Keyes, and smiled, knowing the Empire had a jack-load of new troops to deal with.

Getting Acquainted.

#### 4. The Battle of Races

Hey all. Sry this chapter is so late, been having so much school work. I've been seeing some other crossovers between stories and stuff; I'm just glad no one has copied me. If you have any thoughts or comments, feel free to write a review. Yes, I know I accidentally put 'Spartan 119' instead of 'Spartan 117' last chapter. Be warned: this is a long chapter.

**\*\*Chapter 3-The Battle of Races\*\***

As the Kendoran came into view, the bridge personnel got ready to board it.

Miranda looked out at space; it was an endless place, with gas balls and solid planets. It was so beautiful, with its galaxies and systems. Each with its own name, environment, and climate; temperature and sights, and that's what made space amazing. It would go on forever also, and humans wouldn't be the only race out there.



She was brought back to her conscious self, for someone persisted in tapping her on the back.

"'Scuse me ma'am, but it's almost time to leave." A sand-color haired man politely said.

"Thank you," she replied.

The walk down the hall to her quarters was long and boring with no one to talk to, so all she did was stare at the ground. The hallway was scorched with plasma burns and dinged up by bullets.

The Covenant had attacked not long ago, or what was left of the Covenant. The Elites, Grunts, and Hunters had turned to the humans' side, leaving only Jackals, Brutes, Drones (Buggars), and the Prophets; lower-class ones anyway.

That was good, especially the Hunters because they were the worst Covenant enemy to face. After the defeat of Tartarus, the Brutes died or went into hiding. Jackals were relatively easy to kill with a grenade and the Drones were an annoyance.

The doors to her quarters slid open silently and she stepped inside. Her bed was unmade, her dresser was overflowing with clothes, and recent reports of Covenant and others were scattered lazily across the floor. A smell of freshly picked strawberries filled the air, while an aura of military appeal countered. No bathroom was present; everyone shared the same one.

She hurriedly packed her things to a case and rushed back into the hallway. More Marines were coming out with their cases, but only a few noticed she was there. A Marine stood salute and she waved him off formally.

"Captain on deck," one of them shouted.

They all halted, dropped their things, and stood at attention. "As you were," she answered curtly.

She was halfway across the hall when a buzz sounded in the area. Thinking that there were Covenant borders coming in, from instinct, she ran the rest of the way. Miranda stopped after realizing that all it was just a preliminary ship-to-ship alert. Her eagerness had brought her to the bridge though, so she set her things down and went back to her seat.

A panel glowed when she touched it, emanating a purple air into the midst. Her mind quickly and instinctively turned off all engines to prevent any clashing.

The Chief examined his surroundings; they were much tidier than any UNSC quarters he had seen. The same white paint was on every thing, save the bed and bathroom. The bed had one cover on it, accompanied by one pillow; the bathroom had a shower, toilet, and other hygiene essentials. Both were pale blue.

Cortana emerged from her playtime in the ships' systems, only to tell him that they would be docking with Keyes soon. He slipped his armor back on, glad to have the extra cover back. His alien-like skin

disappeared from view after the last of the MJOLNIR was placed in its respective spot. His helmet lay on the desk diagonally placed from the bed.

As he grabbed it, and started to slip it on his head, he noticed how much he had changed from his reflection in the visor. It was a wonder McKay didn't think he was an alien at first sight, save every able body in the UNSC that got the chance to see the super-soldier with no armor. His hair was now more of a gray, due to lack of contact with any sunlight of the sort. His eyes were piercing even to himself, as their cold gray gaze wove in and out of his soul. But other than that, nothing much had changed.

Relieved that this time instead of going to the bridge for orders, he was going there to meet up with old friends.

He took a deep breath, then stepped outside.

Another siren sounded now, this one varying slightly from the last. Its high-pitched, short-burst ring got annoying, even as it seemed to stop.

Miranda sighed and waited until the final preparations for docking were complete. She toyed with her hair absent mindedly, as she hummed a soft lullaby tune.

For once in her military career, she was going to a bridge to meet up with old friends, not orders.

The Spartan walked down the hallway through which he had came the first time to the bridge of the Kendoran. Oddly enough, the same monster he had seen earlier appeared from behind a pillar and blocked his way.

A cool, smooth voice emitted from within a corner, "Fancy armor you got there, bud. Mind if I take a look at it?" He banged his fist on his helmet, and the Chief caught his hand and bent it over, breaking his wrist. "Okay! Okay! I take that as a no. Well, let me introduce myself," he said while nursing his wound with a cylindrical tank full of a blue-gray liquid. "I'm Han Solo. This is Chewbecca."

The Chief shook both their hands before saying, "Sorry about your hand. I'm not used to anyone screwing around with my armor like that."

"No problem." The monster roared, "Chewy likes you." The man stepped out of the way and let the officer through.

He walked up the steps into the bridge before being greeted by Johnson and his ODST squad.

"Can you believe they don't know what coffee is, Chief? I guess our date is canceled," he said meaningfully. A few Marines chuckled.

"I think it got shot down when we didn't show back up at the rendezvous point, Zanzuu. I had a joyous time fighting two new enemies though." He quickly explained how the Empire ruled the Covenant, about Darth Vader and Sidious, and then about the white armored troops.

Sergeant Johnson snorted, "Well, I was getting kinda lonely with only the weak Covenant troops to kill." He shook his head, "I guess I can have some fun now!"

"Don't be too sure about it," Falcon's Eye commented.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure that blade would rip right through your pathetic smart-aleck comments," BM said, but was cut off as Miranda entered the room.

The Chief had to admire her beauty and grace for what she was. It wasn't everyday you saw a girl in the army that looked decent. The faint lines of old age crept around her eyes, her black hair a little longer than UNSC regulation though no one seemed to care. Her bulging brown eyes, followed by slightly, bushy eyebrows and long slender eyelashes. It was like seeing the Greek god of Beauty, Aphrodite, in person at a time of war.

"Hello, Master Chief. Falcon's Eye, BM, Lars and Lars; it's good to see some old faces." She contemplated before adding, "And of course new ones as allies." She walked over to Captain Orsolen, "Hello. It's good to finally meet you in person." She stuck out her hand.

He took it politely, saying, "Yet again, the pleasure is mine." He looked at her with a glint in his eye that made Chief uneasy, but he didn't think Miranda would break UNSC regulation so bad as to go around sleeping with everyone. Then again, maybe she would, for she had that same glint in her eye. Chief shrugged it off and turned back to Johnson.

"So you played much of that video game yet, thatâ€"that one that you found they made about me? It was something thing like, 'Master Chief owns Johnson' right?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I like you too, Chief." He spat on the ground.

Chief looked over at Miranda and Captain Orsolen. They were deep in conversation, though Chief couldn't read their lips due to them standing with their backs to him. Bored, he walked to the view of space and noticed something odd with the horizon. It was a bit distorted, and some of the stars were missing, and the source seemed to be this black blob not very clear.

The blob just sat there like a bump on a log. The Chief looked closer, realized something, and was taken aback. He shook his head, told himself he was dreaming, and looked again.

There were now \_5\_ blobs distorting the stellar view. If they were ships, then the sensors should have picked them up already. Unless...\_Oh no.\_

The Chief ran back to the Captain, "Sir, you have to look outside. There are five enemy ships that are invisible." He finished, panting.

"Oh, oh...no," he said as he walked to the view point, "Why didn't the sensors pick them up?" He muttered to himself, "Never mind that, I have to get the ship up and running."

He ran up to his chair and ordered, "All officers to stations! Bring us up to Code Jawa! Someone get a Sonic-discharge out there, now! Alert all ships in system and tell them to saddle up for one heckuva ride!"

He wheeled his chair around to watch the 'Discharge flow out into space. It was miniscule so Chief had to squint to see it, even with his augmented vision. It broke apart and let out a small, circular explosion that let out into a burst of blue light. Two halos erupted from the center of the mass and cut through space like a spear. Chief saw the explosion hit all five ships to reveal them; one was cut in two, another got a nasty blow to the engines that paralyzed it.

They were long, scalene-type triangular figures, with a bow that was sharp enough to cut through a ship. A long, scalene triangle colored black, spanned from the inside of the bow and back behind their bridge, then disappeared from view. On top of their elevated bridge, sat two hemispheres with slanted edges that were vulnerable to any kind of fire. In the middle, laid a rectangular block with a stream of blue light, with a white line going around the path, in the middle following all around the outside of it.

Debris floated as the first part of the Imperial ship exploded. The other drifted out, silenced only by the orange flower blossom taking hold of its life. The other ships went into a formation and started firing green lasers at the Kendoran. The Pisidian and Ilithiam moved into attack formation on their right and left. On the Kendoran's six was the Wookley, operated by a race of Wookies.

The ships' shields fended off both enemy fire and borders, for now that is. A laser hit above the bow, in front of the bridge, causing the Chief to fall on his butt. Keyes hurried back to her ship, stopping only to brace as another laser hit the shield.

Outside tiny explosions between Imperial and UNSC-Rebel ships, emitted a powerful glow of red, orange flowers in the black. The Chief heard chatter over the comm channel as two X-Wings were destroyed. He knew he could do nothing, but sit and wait, helplessly. A flash in his eyes made him blink as a suicide bomber ran straight into the bow of the Kendoran, missing it's target: the bridge.

A slow moving craft caught Chief's attention and he asked what it was.

"That's an enemy troop transport. If they get that in here, we're doomed." The Captain told him.

"I'll take care of it." Chief said bluntly.

He jumped into one of the guns and started firing the straight beam of sheer energy. He hit one wing and the fighter was engulfed in a flame. Now I don't feel so helpless. He fired the beam towards a group of incoming fighters, killing one which hit another, and blew the squad up. The battle seemed to be turning tide.

Maybe they would actually win this one.

Miranda jumped down from the landing pad, sprinted to the bridge, turned on the engines, and initiated all battle sirens. Green lasers

from the Imperial fighters appeared on the screen, and dissipated when hitting the shields (yes, they have shields now). She hit a panel to tell her officers to do anything to keep them alive, then sat back and issued orders.

"Launch missile pods A through E," she shouted. A trail of smoke appeared where the missiles went, and detonated on the enemy shields. "Get me a firing solution for the MAC Gun. Let's show these people just what kind of fire power we have!" Lieutenant Hirishmo nodded, tapped her computer, and looked up at Keyes, nodding her head. "On my count; 3...2...1...Fire!"

The bridge, along with the ship, was in silence, and then the MAC Gun fire resounded through the atmosphere of space. The blazing ball of super-heated metal ran through the chaos, only to hit Imperial shields and dissipate. Something hit the ship and sent Miranda flying. She tasted blood in her mouth after she got up from the deck.

"Report!" She commanded.

"Ma'am, you're not going to like this, but that blast came from \_inside\_ the ship." An officer said half-heartedly.

Miranda's tan complexion turned pale. How could an enemy gotten on board? How did they get past the sensors and cannons? And what the heck were the Marines on board doing? Her mind was racing with thoughts and pessimistic ideas.

"Get me a squad down that sector. What was it?"

"Seven, ma'am."

"Get a squad of Helljumpers and repel those Imperial-Covenant off this ship." She paused before saying, "Now!"

"Yes, ma'am," the soldier said while turning back to talk on the comm channel.

"\_Negative, negative! I repeat negative! We have enemy hostiles in Sector 8 as well,"\_ came a man's voice, along with fire, screams, static and, \_"We're being overrun, we're being--,"\_ the officer cut the channel, so as not to hear the others death.

"Fire at will with the MAC Gun, Lieutenant Hirishmo."

This was not going well at all for the small UNSC cruiser. Not at all.

End  
file.